FALL FASHIONS.

EABLY FALL WILLING BY WOVEL ! ES

PAVORITE COLORS.

Woollen Costumes, and How They Are

Trimmed-Biding Habits for Ladie s

and Misses, &c

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.] NEW YORK, August 27, 1887.

New York, August 27, 1887.

Early fall millinery offers a few changes from the styles which have prevailed during the late summer season. Notably, the crowns of fashionable bonnets will be considerably lower than at present, an alteration which may be expected to delight more those of lofty that the designifying maidens, who

stature than diminutive maidens, who would fain add a cubit to their stature

by means of their head-dress. How

ever, the latter may have recourse to tall bots, which are still stylish. They

exhibit even more eccentric brims than heretofore, and as to trimming may be

The garniture for all sorts of hats

and bonnets will vary greatly, but throughout they exhibit an under stra-

ow-nay, more so.

Last full grayish blues and blue rays (there is a distinction with a dif-

erence) became quite popular in cur-

aps one or two more; now, Gobelin

and greens which have some infusio

brown and beige tints, with other half shades and delicate tinges of color, will

all te used. Heliotrope, though not so proninent as heretofore, will not be

WOOLLEN COSTUMES

for the present time of the year are no-

ticeable for their simplicity, although tailor-made dresses have not yet quite

Vest effects are seen, but beyond

these the trimmings used are, in many cases, quite old-fashioned. Braid and

butions frequently appear; narrow strips of the former laid in broad rows, which edge the cloth used, and covered butions fasten these dresses.

One so trimmed was in dark-brown

beige with a vest of plaid zephyr; it had its square, deep tablier edged with rows of braid, the same trimming du-

plicated below on the skirt. The rather

primly-cut basque had its edges simi-

arly bound, and was buttoned trans-

versely, showing the vest in a narrow

Vat the top and again in an inverte-

draperies gave the dress, on the whole

THE POPULAR BIDING-HABIT

when seated in the saddle the laly's

it of much of the picturesqueness the

old riding-habit possessed. In color much discretion is allowed; in the coun-

Saxon friends denominate (for some

eason best-known to themselves) 'pink." In town the dark shades are

u fait ; dark browns and greens make

patty habits, but black has still, per-haps, the greatest number of adherents.

As to head-gear the round, shining beaver has many friends, but in the shattering of all ancient traditions this

has ceased to be the only kind of hat

permissible for ladies' wear. Nor is th

streaming veil requisite. A plain, lit-tle, jaunty Derby, which the fair horse-

woman might borrow from her brothe

er brow, is all that is essential.

at a pinch, sans veil, and tipped over

The costumes for misses' equestrian

excursions are in all respects similar,

but if they can wear the hair unbound about the shoulders jockey caps are

decidedly pretty and suitable for their use. Colored habits are most worn.

many pretty and pleasing freaks this season. One of the daintiest is a kind of gilet, which has a loose band of mull passing around the neck and

sllowing the gilet itself to depend at some distance below, so as to leave

the throat bare. This, providing one has a rounded and presentable throat,

forms an enchanting device for wear at

mull, bordered by velvet revers or apels, and with a linen collar and

ruching at the top, is one of the dain-tiest inventions of the year in this de-partment of the toilet. C. H. M.

Used to Shoot at the Drop

Something of a sensation has been

of a Hat.

the senside.

A plastron, consisting of folds

LINGERIE DISPLAYS

neglected. Somuch for the head.

adorned in much the same manner.

[New York Times.]

How old, did you say?" asked the

"A little older."

The Commander-in-Chief puffed his cigar at thoughtful intervals. The war was by twenty-two years a thing of the past, but as head of a great commercial enterprise a military title still clung to him from out of his war experience, and he did not dislike it, for some of his war memories appeared to be his most cherished mental treasures. So he debated with his cigar over the two young people whose sentimental rashness had brought them into public notice, and as he debated he was looking backward over the diverse panorams of two decades of life, through the rifted smoke-clouds of a great revolution at a little drama that seemed almost a dream, but which to him was, perhaps, the best-remembered incident of all the five years' fight. And when he told it, ve years' fight. And when he told it. alf-musingly, the listeners did not ronder. The ways of fate are very diverse, and it sometimes happens to the least imaginative in the madding crowd that a face which is looked into only for a moment is never forgotten in all the length of the years that follow. Perhaps it was so with the Commander-in-Chief. Perhaps not. In any event nobody dared to ask. 'In the fall of 1863," he began,

was stationed with a detachment at Paint Rock. Ala. We were drawing on the enemy for supplies; foraging, in fact. Our crackers and hard-tack we got from Stevenson, but for fodder for our horses and anything to add sumptuousness to the appearance of the frying-pan we had to depend on the country. For some weeks I had sent out the wagon-train to the cast, the southeast, and down the valley of the Paint Rock down the valley of the Paint Rock Creek. The only direction left for in-investigation was the west, where, at a distance of twenty-one miles was Huntsville, then the capital of Northern Alabama, which, up to the time of the war, had been a wealthy, aristocratic, and fashionable city. Well, one plea-sant morning I sent the wagons across the creek and followed them with a guard of twenty men. It was reported guard of twenty men. It was reported from time to time that the country shead of us was full of rebel guerrillas but we saw no signs of them, and for two months had no trouble whatever

"After crossing the creek the wagons took a road which wound along the foot of a spur of the Blue-Ridge moun-tains, which rose green, heavily wooded, and picturesque at our backs. We passed several small clearings and passed several small clearings and plantations, whose log houses were filled with hot-blooded and hot-tempered southern women, whose evident desire to flay us with their fingernails rather interfered with that sweet spirit of hospitality for which the South is famous. At a distance of seven miles I halted the detachment at a cool but sinister-looking place in the road, known to all the country round about

as 'the Gap.'
'The Gap' was the entrace to a pass
through one of the outlying mountain spurs. It was a deep bollow, heavily wooded. The dense growth of tower-ing pines and firs grew close to the roadside. The woody spaces were so filled with undergrowth and blocked by fallen trees that as you peered into the dark recesses of the forest on either side a hostile army might have been sheltered there without your being able to perceive a button. I remember the looks of the place because the first time I saw it it made me rather uneasy, and the last time but one that I saw it I came near staying there for good, as did, in fact, some other poor fellows who were not so fortunate.

a few miles further we came on a plan-tation of 750 acres, with a large and comfortable-looking residence near the roadside. The wagons had reached there long before us. They were being rapidly filled from a row of well-stored corneribs at the back of the house. I had just gotten off my horse near the door when two girls came towards me, and if I were not telling this story, gentlemen, I would honestly declare that they were the two prettiest girls I ever

saw in my life.

"They were both tall and slender, with graceful and womanly figures.
They were dressed in dark blue calico. and had no artificial aids to their fresh young beauty. Their faces were intelligent and full of resolution, yet marked by that shyness which belongs to girls who are well born and bred in comparative scelusion. The elder, Ellen, was dark-eyed and dark-haired. Addie was seventeen, two years younger than her sister, and a yellow-haired and blue-cyed blonds. The apparition they presented astonished us. I think all the men took off their hats instinctively. I know I did. And as my hat was real Mexican sombrero, and matched

real Mexican somerers, and matched the long Mexican 'spurs that jingled on my heels, I was rather fond of keeping it on my head.

"It was Ellen who spoke, the other staying a little behind. 'Sir, 'she said, in a troubled voice, 'you look like a gentleman. One of your men has taken our guitar. It is all that we have left, and it is a great consolation. Will you not be good enough to have it re-

forth with as quickly as the man could be found who had it. She was profuse in her thanks, and the light in the younger sister's eyes at the salvation of the instrument indicated how highly it was valued. The corn and supplies they did not appear to grieve over particularly, as 1 prevented any de-struction of the cribs or any unnecesparticularly, as I prevented any destruction of the cribs or any unnecessary damage to the property. Consequently I was very hospitably received in the house. The family consisted of an old gentleman named Sunderland, his wife, and three daughters. Sunderland was a well-to-do planter, though too old to take arms. He was a doctor by profession, and a Methodist preacher by choice. His family circle was, in its refinement and the beauty of the girls, something charming, particularly to a horse-soldienwho for some years had known only the roughness of the camp. The eldest daughter was married, her husband being a captain in the rebel army. The other two were our fair petitioners, and with them I enjoyed a flattering degree of popularity from the start."

The Commander-in-Chief stopped and gazed with a satisfied smile into the Alabama of twenty years ago.

"Well," he said, picking up the thread of the story, "I need only say that their fate was in my hands, that all is fair in love and war, and that from that day forth I simply owned the place, cornfields, niggers, guitars, and Methodist preacher, all included. And, gentlemen—" and he dwelt with some particular and meaning emphasis upon the "and"; "she, Ellen, was pineteen

gentlemen—" and he dwelt with some particular and meaning emphasis upon the "and"; "she, Ellen, was nineteen and I was twenty-three.
"During the next two months all our

"During the next two months all our foraging somebow was in their direction. It seemed perhaps to the horses that everything available in the food line had migrated to the district back of the Sunderland plantation, which had to be passed in order to light on anything at all. There was something about the Sunderland cuissine, too, that must have appeared very tempting to my men, for I did not willingly, I believe, miss a mea! Ellen and I, in fact, were constantly together. The old folks made modification. The blue eyes of the golden-baired sister beamed has received kind of approprial, the day

that she was nincteen and I was THE CRIMSON SCARF.

"I might remark parenthetically that there is nothing in life quite so fascinating as to be isolated in the wilderness in company with a beautiful woman. Several books have been written with that one idea to carry them, and, like Charles Reade's 'Foul Play,' they have always caught the public's eye. There was no sentimental talk between us. The crack of the guerrilla rifle, the distant boom of battle, the war-smoke in the air, and the period when no one knew what a day might bring forth were very ill adapted for sincere love-making, and that anything in the shape of a man could have made love to Ellen Sunderland insincerely it would take a pretty bitter cynic to believe. But we were together none the less; together when the tree none the less; together when the tree shadows crept slowly across the hot, still, brown fields as the sun sank lower and lower toward the mountains' sum-mits; together in the stillness and loneliness of the moss-grown aisles of the woods; in the most-grown asses of gether when the big, round harvest moon hung still and shimmering like a great shield of gold balanced against the black-velvet wall of the autumn night universe. What we said, and what we did, and what we thought it matters not. It would be to you very like a chestnut, perhaps, to dwell upon it. Every woman knows who has ever been nineteen; every man remembers who knew what it was to be twenty-

"Well, one day when I entered the house I had a surprise. I had heard rumors of there being a wounded rebel officer in hiding at the Sunderlands. I bad paid no attention to them, how-ever, believing them to be without foundation. But on this day, entering the house as usual without knocking, I opened the door of the reception-room or parlor, the first door on the rightand side of the hall, which ran through the house. There was a large fireplace in this room on the side opposite the door. As I stepped in I saw an easy chair, high-backed, in front of the fire. I was instantly conscious in some way for I certainly saw nothing of himthat a man, and a stranger, was sitting in that chair. I did not attempt to see any more. I stepped out, closed the door, and quietly took a chair in the sitting-room opposite. In a moment or two the eldest daughter came in hur-

or two the edget daughter came in mar-riedly, pale, and agitated.

"'Mr. ——!' she gasped, 'Did you go into the other room?"

"'I did,' said I.

"'Did you see anybody?'
"'I did not,' I answered very quietly. She looked me squarely in the eye. I looked squarely back. She bowed and, apparently relieved, passed out. "She had scarcely gone before Ad-

die came in. She was confused at seeing me in the sitting-room. "'Oh, Mr. ---, she said, and then stopped in perplexity.
"'What is it?' I asked.

"'I was going to ask-I-that is-did you go into the other room?' "I did,' said I.

"Did you see anybody?"
"I did not."

"And then, with the same question on her lips, Ellen came in, ignorant of what had occurred with the others. She was very grave, almost sad. She asked me the same question in a low, an ap-pealing tone. I did not like even a subterfuge with her. When she asked if I had penetrated the mysterious apartment I asked, shaking my head.
"'And wby? Is there anything in

this house to conceal?'
"The eldest sister, who had returned, shock her head in denial. It was no wonder. He was her husband, I suppose. I looked at Ellen and Addie. They looked away. They never looked as lovely, at least to me. For they would not tell a lie, and they trusted me.

"Well, I heard no more of the stran-Then there came reweek or two. peated rumors of the guerrillas in the neighborhood and we began to take extra precautions. I continued to call daily at the Sunderlands, and one afternoon as I was going away Ellen seemed particularly ill at ease. She was nervous, hesitating, and altogether unlike herself. I said good-bye to her at the porch and went out to my horse. As I was about to mount she came out of the house and toward me, bearing a long, rich, crimson silk scarf, with fine tassels of white silk at either end. She

held it out to me, saying:
"'Will you wear this—for me?' "'I cannot rob you,' I said. Out-side of the guitar I believe it was the only thing of any value that she had

left in the world.

"Please wear it, she said. And while I hesitated she deftly put it around my neck, and before I suspected had put her arms around too, and had kissed me squarely on the lips. As I looked at her, quite staggered, in an altogether happy state of surprise, the tears sprang to her eyes, she turned away, and went hastily into the house.

"I rode down the road slowly. Her

conduct was so strange, the memory of that kiss, the first and last she ever gave me, was so tenacious that it drove everything else out of my mind. My rein fell upon my horse's neck, and if there had been a hostile sharpshooter or a rebel troop anywhere about I would have been an easy prey. I had five men with me, but they had gone further up the road and I did not wait for them. I rode thoughtfully along during most of the way for four miles. Finally I approached 'The Gap,' the place of which I spoke, the darkest and most secluded section of the whole

calling behind me. In a little while I recognized Josh, my negro cook, who had been visiting some plantation. He had been visiting some plantation. He was afraid, I suppose, and wanted protection, though he made some other excuse for calling. I reined up in the shade of a big fir by a white fallen trunk in the gap and waited for him; waited perhaps five minutes. I sat twisting the tessels of the scarf and thinking of Ellen. I was an easy mark as I sat there, a dead shot for any man in hiding who had ever looked along a in hiding who had ever looked along a gun-barrel.

gun-barrel.

"Then, with Josh a short distance behind, I journeyed onward. I stopped at a plantation some miles further down and waited for my men. They did not come. I went back to the camp, got a detachment, and went out to look for the company of the same and th them. We found them all in the Gap. They lay in the road in the shadow of the big fir, by the white fallen trunk, riddled with bullets from a guerrilla ambush, and had been shot dead from their saddles not ten minutes after I passed the spot."

There was a silence for some minutes

as the listeners gathered his meaning.
Finally one suggested:
"You probably kept that scarf."
"Well, rather. It saved my life to

a certainty. I never saw her again, for our orders took us away that day.

The Commander in-Chief, by slow and deliberate puffs, relighted his ex-tinguished cigar.

A Pisherman's Trials. (Merchant Traveller.)

"I don't think I will go fishing any more," remarked Eunley the other day. "What's the trouble? No luck?" "No, not exactly that. I think my luck is about as good as the next

"Have you become convinced that the game isn't worth the candle?"

"No. You see the trouble is that when I do come home with a nice big string of fish, my friends all look at me in a kind of supercilions, sarcestic way that makes me feel just as mean as it

IN THE FORTIES.

GAMBLIFS" () ON THE OHIO RIVER

IN BABLY DAYS. The Three Card-Monte Swindle and How Boldly It Was Worked-Confessions of an "Old Sport."

[Cincinnati Commercial.] During the palmy days of steamboat-ing on the western and southern waters, forty-odd years ago, one of the chief pastimes indulged in by the pas-sengers was card-playing, and to such a great extent was it carried on that the river interests received an unenvi-able reputation through the press and the boat-owners were obliged to probibit all games upon their steamers. those days it was a common thing to hear of the highest State and national

officials sitting down to games where large moneyed stakes were risked, while sharpers and tricksters made it a regular business of travelling back and forth from port to port, fleecing the unplanters and others for high stakes, and in many a case as high as \$10,000 and \$20,000 would change hands in one night's sitting at a game of poker.

Gamblers at times almost took po session of the steamers, and the cap-tains and clerks had no way of protect-ing their passengers. Every trick known in cards was played for all it

was worth upon the emigrants and others upon the steamers, and many an unfortunate deck-passenger met with a watery grave after he had been fleeced out of what means he was possessed of. In those days money seemed to be more plentiful than now; the South pros-pered, and her planters became rich through successive seasons of goo crops. Money seemed to flow into their hands, and with true southern characteristic hospitality the planters liberally spent it, and during those years of prosperity South the Missis-sippi river steamboats were favored with heavy cargoes and large passen-cer lists ger lists.

With large travel and money plentiful the gamblers reaped harvests. Since the rebellion, however, the South almost crippled and the crop failures so frequent, the river interests have dwindled until a few medium-sized steamers can accommodate the trade, where great palatial vessels were formerly required to handle the passenger travel, and powerful towboats, barge lines, and freight steamers of 1,500 to 2,000 tons capacity were necessary for the im-mense freight traffic. There was no better known person along the river in those days gone by than Colonel George Devol, of Cincinnati, who is at present writing an account of his forty years' experience along the Mississippi river. Surrounded by a party of thingle a few examings are Colonel friends a few evenings ago Colonel Devol related some incidents of his experience. Among other things he tole some of his tricks on passengers with cards in a game known as monte To use his own language, the Colonel, throwing his portly form back in a large easy-chair and placing his thumbs un-der his suspenders at the shoulders,

aid: "The good old days for sporting men on the river are past and gone.
Forty years I led a gambler's life, making money fast and spending it freely. But the last five years of my life have been tough, I tell you. I've quit cards, and propose now, in my old area for the rand life. But age, to try and live a moral life. But you want to hear about my book? Well, I'll relate some of my personal experiences:
"I was coming up the river from

New Orleans on the steamer E. H. Fairchilds. We left there about 6 o'clock on Saturday night. The Fairchilds was bound for Louisville. "The cabins and deck were literally

nacked with people. went over in the barber shop, spreading out my cards, began interesting a few of the passengers with ome of my tricks. Pretty soon wa had started a game, and it was kept up all night, some eight of the passengers entering into it. When we quit play-ing in the early hours of Sunday over \$8,000 had changed hands, and I was a big winner. I went to my state-room, took a bath and had breakfast, and afterwards went out on the guards to smoke. A fine-looking old gentleman about sixty years of age, whom I mistook for a planter, came over and entered into conversation with me. Presently the captain of the boat joined us, and the old gentleman stated that he was a Presbyterian minister, of Louisville, and would like to be permitted to preach in the cabin. The captain of course gave his consent, and the minister, placing his arm in mine, almost before I was aware what he was about to do, had me half way down the cabin. It was too late for me to get out of the predicament; so I sat as an honored guest next to the reverend gentleman all through the service.

"To tell the truth, the man really impressed me with his discourse, and made me feel real mean. It was the finest sermon I ever heard, full of prac-tical sayings, without any flowery non-sense. He told us that he had been a Presbyterian pastor in Louisville for twenty-five years. He also referred in plain terms to the gambling games of the night before, and said it was a great the night before, and said it was a greate pity that such a fine-looking gentle-man as the one who sat near him should play cards for money. He didn't look at me, but I thought he was getting pretty close to home. Well, he seemed to create a good impression, as the collection amounted to considerable, and I put in my share liberally.

After sleeping all afternoon I came out of my room at supper-time and spent the evening reading. It was nearly midnight when I got up and walked back in the cabin. Nearly every one had retired, but as I walked back I

spied a man with his back to me read-ing in the ladies' cabin. I approached him and found it was the minister. "He called me to him, and we began talking about the game of the night before. I had changed my appearance so the old fellow did not recognize me, and after talking awhile coincided with and after talking awhile coincided with his views. I trumped up a story about how I had been 'roped in' in a game to the tune of \$1,000. He became very much interested with my story and asked many questions, and seemed curious to know all the particulars. I told him I had some of the tickets in my hand-satchel that the game was played with, and if he wished to see them I would go and get them. 'Oh. I would go and get them. 'Oh, I would like very much to see the way it was played, and will go to your room with you,' he said. Well, I showed him the old threecard-monte racket, and he fell in with it and of course wanted to know all about it. Well, I kept on working him, and let him play with the cards until he thought he knew all about until he thought he knew all about them. Finelly he says to me: 'My dear sir, I cannot see how you could lose money on such a simple thing. I cannot fail to pick out the right card every time.' That's where I wanted him, so I said: 'See here; I'll make you a proposition, I'll throw the eards and vill put up \$100 with you. If you win the money is to be donated to your church, and if I win I'll agree to do the same thing. I only want to show

church, and if I win I'll agree to do
the same thing. I only want to show
you how I lost playing it.
"Why, say, men! the old fellow
took me up, and he laid down his
money. I of course displayed a big
roll and told him my father was rich,
and I would just as leave make it \$770.
Well, he agreed, and of course when
the card was turned he had lost, the
grew excited and put down \$200 more,
and we kept on playing and I had don

sorty, for I had rather have lost myself. No money would distress me, and this money I have gained from you would do me no particular good, and I feel a little timid in keeping it, and it would hardly benefit the church. Now, we have had lots of fun anyhow, and I want you to gain it back. I never used the word bet, but always said gain. So I proposed that he would put up his watch and chain and I would place the \$1,000 against it, and then when he gained it back we could go and laugh it over. So he put up his watch and chain, both handsome gold pieces, that had been presented him by his congregation, and naturally enough I won them. I opened the door, went out into the cabin, and met the captain. When I showed him the captain. When I showed him the reverend gentleman's watch he could hardly believe his eyes. I then went back to the room and found the preacher on his knees. He arose and like the like in the preacher on the preacher of the like the li preacher on his knees. He arose and said: 'I've just been praying for you.' I replied: 'Brother, hadn't you better do a little praying for yourself? Now here are your watch and chain, and as the captain tells me you are about impoverished after our little fun, I'il give you a hundred back.' Before the old fellow had a chance to say anything to the captain I had left the boat.

"While it is still fresh in my mind I'll tell you another story:

"Coming up on the Sultana one right there were about twenty-five of the toughest set of men as cabin-passengers, I believe, I ever met. They were on their way to Napoleon, Ark, which at that time was a great town, and known as the jumping-off place. In those days these Napoleon fellows were looked upon as ent-throats and were looked upon as cut-throats and robbers, and thought nothing of murderive a fellow simply to make them appear big men with their gang. I had for a partner a man named Canada Eill, as game a party as ever strode the deck of a steamboat, and one of the shrewdest gamblers I ever encountered.

gang of Arkansas toughs got in the cabin, and of course wanted to play cards. Bill had opened up business in the main hall, and a great crowd had gathered about him. I saw that most of these devils had been drinking, and gave Bill the nod, which he of course understood. He only played a short while and left the game a rectording to while and left the game, pretending to be broke. Then we fixed it up that I should do the playing and he would watch out for any trouble. Well, the result was I got about everything the twenty-five men had, including their watches, and beat some seven or eight other passengers. The men all took it apparently good natured at the time, but as the night wore on and they kept on drinking from their private flashs I made a sneak to my room and changed my clothes. By the back stairs changed my clothes. By the back stars I slipped down into the kitchen and sent a man after my partner. I had blackened my face, and looked like one of the negro rousters. I only had time to wan him, when a terrible runipus upstairs told me the jig was up, and with their whiskey to and them they were concluded to the property of the way and if they caught searching for me, and if they caught me it would be good-day to me. I paid the cooks to keep mum, and Bill made himself scarce. They had their guns out, and were kicking in the stateroom doors hunting for me. Some of them came down on deck, and were walking back and forth by me, cursing and threatening vengeance. I heard one of them ask a roustabout if he had noticed a well-dressed man on deck lately. He, of course, had not, as Bill had gone back up the kitchen stairs, and with these devils was raising Cain. looking for me, and my disguise had not been discovered under the darkness of the night.

"The boat was ploughing her way slong up the coast. The stevedores were shouting to the darkies, hurrying them along with the freight for a landing soon to be reached. The boat's whistle blew, and soon she was head in for the shore. A crowd of these fellows were waiting for me, as they suspected I would try and get off. were looking, mind you, for a well-dressed man. As soon as the boat ran out over the stage to shore, and closely scanned the face of every person that came off. There was a stack of plows to be discharged from the boat's cargo, and noting the fact I shouldered one, and with it followed the long line of 'coons' smid the curses of the mates, and fairly flew past these men who were hunting me. I kept on up the high bank and over the levee, and when I threw my plow in the pile with the others made off for the cotton-fields and laid flat on my back until the boat got again underway and the burning pine in the torches on deck had been extinguished.

"It was a close call, I can assure you. Bill met me at Vicksburg the next day and brought the boodle, which we divided. He said the crowd took lights and searched the boat's hold for me and searched the boat's hold for me after we left the landing. Bill must have played his part well, as he told me afterward that they never suspicioned him. Yes, I could tell many of my exploits. The river was for the greater portion of my gambling career my strongest hold. But it's all over now. Even should a man strike a hig winning, there are al-Ent it's all over now. Even should a man strike a big winning, there are always too manv smart Alecks about, and you would have to whack up with so many that there would be little left for the winner. I expect to have my book out in the fall. It's to be sold only by subscription."

So saying, the old sporting man of forty-five years' career among the old-timers of the once famous Missiasippi river picked up his hat and cane and sanntered down the street.

Decline of Pauperism in Eugland. [London Times.]

A parliamentary paper has been is-sued containing a return for compar-tive monthly statements of the number of paupers of all classes (except lunatics in asylums and vagrants) in receipt of relief in England and Wales on the last day of every week in each month of the several years from 1857 to 1887, both inclusive, together with a statement of the number of paupers, distinguishing the number of adult able-bodied of the number of paupers, distinguishing the number of adult able-bodied paupers, relieved on the 1st day of January, 1887, and a similar statement for the 1st day of July. The acturn completes the monthly comparative statement for the quarter ended at aid-summer, 1887, and shows that for the last 31 years in almost every year a continuous decrease has taken place in the number of paupers week by week throughout the whole quarter, the exceptions to this rule being few and unimportant. The tables show that the number of paupers in every 1,000 of the population was 26.2 at the end of April last, 25.6 at the end of May, and 25.3 at the end of June. From the last day of the first week to the last day of the fourth week of June the number of paupers in receipt of indoor relief decreased from 175,473 to 171,749, and the number receiving outdoor relief during the same period decreased from 537,325 to 532,-771, the total decrease being in the first week 1,895, and in the fourth week 4,123. In the metropolis the number of persons relieved in the month of June, 1887, was larger than it was in the same month in 19 of the 30 previous years. These 19 years were the 12 years from 1875 to 1856 and the 7 years from 1875 to 1856, when it fell to 21 to the 1,005, and highest in 1867, than it was in the same month in 1867, than in any of the 30 previous years except the two years immediately preceding it. The proportion was lowest in 1885, when it fell to 21 to the 1,005, and highest in 1867, than it was in the same month 1,005, and highest in 1868, then it fell to 21 to the 1,005, and highest in 1868, then it fell to 21 to the 1,005, and highest in 1868, then it to the 1,005, and highest in 1868, then it fell to 21 to the 1,005, and highest in 1868, then it fell to 21 to the 1,005, and highest in 1868, then it fell to 21 to the 1,005, and highest in 1868, then 1 side trail. The Devil's branding-pens are built, the branding-irons are hot, and you can't save yoursels nor turn back if you ever get your heads in the chutes that lead to the branding-pen. You'll be alkalied and sand-stormed and stampeded through the canyons and mountains and pits of heli, and the beel-fly and screw-worms and blacklegs will torment you as long as time lasts. You'll be quarantined forever

quaintness and strictly "rangish" choose to invite estrays back to the tim of ribbon as pervasive as in the head-gear of the present and past seasons. Ribbons of all varieties, glace and picot, wide and narrow, and of heas as varying as those of the rainless "mavericks" therein.

THE FALLEN LEADER.

Methodist Minister, Died August 17th.

lerence) became quite popular in current millinery novelties. These shades were indeed seen in almost every bonnet or hat which issued from the fashonable establishments. During the number beliotrope and Charles X. have supplanted them, but they rise now once more in favor, hydra-headed and under many names. Then we had Salammbo and "serpent" with per-The Methodist Episcopal Churchsuffers a great loss by the death in New York city of Rev. Daniel Carry, D. D., Sevree, Saxony, and many others—al thetic, and a true friend. Yellowish reds are also among the most popular tints. Changeable greens of blue, nearly all of the available



V shaped space below. The vest was buttoned with little spheres of polished wood. Braided cuffs and braid-edged him as a stordy, manly foe. quite an ancient appearance, though neat withal. Cortlandville, near Peekskill. s extremely short in the skirt. Even feet are but just covered, and when walking she can raise it with little difficulty. It is made with the most severe simplicity, even the little white chemi-sette at the throat being gone, while the absence of drapery-effect deprives try the choice of tint is so large as to be practically unlimited. It ranges then in progress. Dr. Curry was eve that brilliant scarlet tint which our against slavery in the company of Garrison, Whittier, and Phillips. Entering the New York East Confer-

ence he held appointments in it from 1844 to 1855. In the second of these years he took the presidency of Asbury (now De Pauw) University in Indiana. Two years after he returned Fast and resumed pastoral relations with his conference.

In 1864 he became editor-in-chief of

him out of the harness for a period of six months, which he spent in Europe. After his return from Europe.
After his return from Europe he
edited the Methodist, which in
two years was merged in the
Christian Advocate. During the next
six years he devoted himself to theological writings, producing "Frag-ments," "Platform Papers," a new edition of "Clarke's Commentary on the New Testament," a "Life of Bishop Clarke," end other works, besides editing the National Repository through its eight volumes from 1877 to 1880. From 1884 to the time of his death he was the editor of the Methodist Maga-

at Evanston, Illinois.

YEARS.

A SCALY, ITCHING, SKIN DISEASE WITH ENDLESS SUFFERING URED BY CUTICURA REMEDIES.

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O. SMITH,

and shade-trees and good water was all along. You know how they got down into that canyon and struck only sand and alkali, and how, before they could get out, a sand-storm struck them and hilled most of the outfit. Well, that's the way exactly the trail is that leads to the ranges of Lucifer's outfit. A good many of you are on that trail now, and you'd better turn off on a side trail. The Devil's branding-pens are built, the branding-irons are hot, against entering the pastures of Heaven, and will be held just outside sometimes, so you can just look over and see what you lest by being too bronco to allow white herders to rope and beard you."

His talk offects his hearers because it is evidently sincere and because of its racter. He may do much good Who knows just what instrument God may fold? He certainly has a wide range to work over, and he will find number-

Daniel Curry, D. D., LL. D., Emineut

I.I. D., who was great as a preacher, theologian, journalist, and reviewer, and in debate. Dr. Curry was a man of strong convictions, which he main-tained with extraordinary ability and vigor. He was also kindly and sympa for his greatness was mixed with affec-tion in those who knew him and shared



his views, and his opponents honored The deceased minister was a native of New York State, and was born November 26, 1808, in what is now Cortlandville, near Feekskill, His early education was acquired in White Plains, whence in 1835 he matriculated in Wesleyan University, Midletown, Conn. He graduated two years later, so close was the earliester, and could be readed. his application and quick perception. In 1840 he went to Georgia to take charge of an academy at Macon.
Two years later, while the Methodist Church was still undivided, he entered the Georgia Conference. The great ranges conflict over the slavery question was a fervent advocate of abolition, and when the Methodist Church, South, sprang into being he returned to the and continued his crusade

the Christian Advocate, a position he held until, in 1876, ill health forced

His wife, whom he married in Feb ruary, 1838, and a daughter, the wife of a merchant living in Chicago, sur-vive him. One brother, John Curry, is a judge of the Supreme Court of the State of California, and another, James Curry, is a retired merchant, residing

SCRATCHED TWENTY-EIGHT

hearers are familiar with. His talk recently in Billie & Joe's saloon may not have been strictly orthodox, but it was impressive and effective also.

"Fellers, you are mavericks now; there is no brand on you yet. Your mother, and sisters, and mebbe fathers, belonged to God's outfit, but you strayed away before the spring round-up commenced at home. You became a maverick, and every outfit has men out after you to catch and mark you. God's outfit has hundreds of men hunting you, an' so has old man Devil. God's outfit has hundreds of men hunting you, an' so has old man Devil. God's major-domos are kind, good men, who will take you to a green range, with plenty of pure, cold water, an' you'd better get his brand on you right off. You're dead-safe with that outfit, but you musn't monkey along nibbling at all the green grass you happen to see along the trail of life. Old man Devil will rope and brand you of you do, and then when the final round-up comes and they cut out all brands but their own you will find yoursefs browsing around on the short burnt ranges of hell. You remember, fellars, that dan-

PIMPLES, Blackheads, Skin Blomishos, aby Humers, use CUTICURA SOAP.

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